

Pyeong Yang, Korea,
Oct. 17, 1913.

Dear Children -

I see by my letter list that I wrote you last on Sept. 24. It does not seem possible that so much time has passed since my last for I write letters constantly and more of them to my children than anyone else except my ever faithful Lucy. I write often to Jamie dear than any one else as I feel he needs my letters just now more, perhaps than any one in the world. It is my comfort to write to you and to receive your letters. We get mail from America about every two weeks, though sometimes it comes a little closer. The Japanese have charge of the postal service in Korea, and everything else, in fact and their postman cannot read English so our letters come to us after quite a trip around the foreign community, often times. The other evening a letter was brought to me from the Methodist compound on the other side of the city and the very next day another letter came from the home of one of the Pres. missionaries, a letter from America, too - and our American letters are super-careful. But the foreigners are careful to look out for each other's mail. There is such a perfect family feeling here in the foreign community. You can imagine how near we feel to each other in these heathen and foreign surroundings. I wrote Jamie, last week about an experience I had attending a Korean feast. Today I had a new experience. At noon there

about an experience. Today I had a
ing a Korean feast. At noon there
new experience. At noon there
came a very formal invitation
by a bearer who bowed to the ground
as he delivered it, inviting the
"Foreign Grammar School" to attend
the field day exercises of the Japan-
ese Grammar School. Of course we
accepted the invitation. As it was a
long walk I sent for a chair and
coolies to carry me to the "scene of
action" — which in very truth it
was. Miss Fish and our children
walked on ahead except two of the
older girls who walked beside my
chair all the way. It was an Oriental
scene, the whole way. Of course we
traveled in the middle of the road, there
being no place else to travel. My
two coolies carried the long poles on
which my chair rested, hung from
ropes that hung from their shoulders.

There is good exercise to the victim
who rides in a chair, in Korea, es-
pecially a chair carried by two cool-
ies, instead of four, and more es-
pecially if one is short and fat
and one thin and long — their gait
is usually of the same variety. I had
a good throbbing headache. Before
they were through jolting me. But
that is just one of the little things
that makes up our life here. It hurts
me more to see the toiling backs and
perspiring brows of chair carriers
than to be jolted. I feel as if I must
weigh a ton, the way they grunt and
grun and sweat all for about 20¢

than to be jolted. I feel as if I must weigh a ton, the way they grunt and groan and sweat all for about 20¢ gold! Oh, oh for Harry and the old carriage, just once! All along the way were the usual number of bellowing, pawing, stolid bullocks, led by their masters or hitched to the heavy carts.

Most of these were loaded to the limit with dry sticks, and bits of pine branches and long weeds and stacks of chopped up wood and the rice straw and millet and chests and boxes and straw, bales of vegetables and every sort of thing that needs to be moved. Then there were the vicious little Korean ponies also laden until they look like a pair of short legs carrying a great load. There is hardly any pony visible.

Don't you long for a good Christian Humane Society in a heathen land!

Cruelty to animals is the universal rule. It is a cruelty of which we do not know the meaning. — I've had two pet kittens and the children beg me to furnish them if they are not good and not let the Korean servants do

it as "they are so cruel", as the children are always telling me. And yet these same Koreans are a gentle, lovable people. Who can be so kind and thoughtful and do such unusual kindnesses. Their devotion to those they serve is remarkable. Our servants are devoted to me, even now, and always speak of me as "Lady" with the "loving heart" — that is a Korean expression. — I have more

with the "loving heart" - that is a
Korean expression - I have more
than once, on the roads, seen the nose
of a bull bleeding, where the iron ring
had been jerked. Think what it must
be in the frosty winter time! As we
wended our way over ditches and
past the thatched Korean houses I
saw on the roofs great quantities
of the red peppers drying against
the day for making the *Kuichie*,
that foul smelling pickle, which is
in general use as a delicious and
universal dish. It is made of rotted
turnips, cabbage, peppers and all sorts
of other things and has an odor all
its own and never to be forgotten.
When Heinty, the pickle man, was here,
with the World's Sunday School
party he made some talks, through
an interpreter and he was always in-
troduced to the Koreans as the great
"American *Kuichie* man," to their
great amusement and interest.

The red peppers on the roofs every-
where, give an unusual touch of
color to the dullness of the Korean
thatched roofs. On the side of the
road there had been a place made
hard and smooth, by pounding the
ground, and on that "threshing floor"
two men with flails like those in
David's time, beat out the millet
seed. When a quantity had been beaten
the seed was scooped up in a
basket, shaped like a big dust pan,

seed. Then a quantity had been beaten
the seed was scooped up in a
basket, shaped like a big dust pan,
and then slowly poured out a-
gainst the wind, which carried away
the chaff. Isn't it primitive and
Oriental to the letter? I also passed
a woman sitting by the wayside with
her distaff in her hand, working at
the cotton and a little further on, out
on the front of the house, under the
projecting ~~wood~~ an old man worked
with his foot, a rude machine for
clearing the cotton. Men passed us
in high Korean hats and flowing
white coats; Japanese in the kimono
and derby and women with half-
covered bodies and sashes tied to
the back or bearing terrible loads
on their heads; or Japanese women
in dainty, flowing garments with
bare heads and sandaled feet and
of course umbrellas of silk. You
can always tell a Japanese, at a
distance, for he always carries a col-
ored silk umbrella. When we arriv-
ed at the grounds we found stream-
ers flying, - U.S. English and Japanese
flags, from a great central pole
bearing the flag of Japan with its
white ground and big red circle.
A Japanese lady teacher met us and
conducted us to the "grand stand"
where special seats had been prepared
for us - chairs, if you please and
cushioned chairs at that for Miss
F. and myself! The crowd all around

for us - chairs, if you please and
cushioned chairs at that for Miss
F. and myself! The crowd all around
the edge of the grounds sat on the
ground, of course. Because of my
grey hair, as usual, and because
I am "principal" of the Foreign
School, there was ^(Excuse it) the greatest atten-
tion shown me. The principal of the
Japanese Schools, a very intelligent
man in a beard and gold braid
and sword, came up before us
and bowed very low, many times,
then came other officials and bow-
ed and bowed. It is really quite
embarrassing to be "somebody"
when you can't say a word, only
smile and bow. But I am learning
to bow "like a native" so they tell
me. I certainly like the courtesy of
the Japanese. It is delightful to see
the better classes greet each other -
both men and women. There were
five hundred children in the games
and exercises, so another gold braid-
ed Japanese who spoke good Eng-
lish told me. When I remarked
on the splendid training the children
showed he added, in true Oriental
untruthfulness, that they hadn't had
any training! There was a great
circle where they massed for the
"stunts." It was just delightful
to see their marches and games -
with perfect precision and with-
out one movement of confusion.

The same time comes too, races

with perfect precision and without one movement of confusion.

There were funny games, too, races of all sorts. They had many of the chief performances right in front of us — One was for boys to race and jump through a hoop then crawl under a wide meshed net, lying on the ground. The winners received writing tablets and pencils — a practical gift, given them by the principal with the gold hit by sword. They invited our boys to race by themselves which they did, our red-headed Bruce winning the prize — though they gave each of the boys a prize. The girls tried carrying balls of cord in wooden spoons around the track and many other jokes, just like Americans. The teachers and dignified "principal" even taking a turn at a funny stunt. They had put a lot of balls on the track and scattered spoons among them. The stunt was to gather all the balls you could in one arm and carry one on a spoon. I never saw anything funnier. The principal made a speech to the whole school massed together for exercises, that did great credit. ^{to exercise, as the speech was in Japanese} They asked us to remain a moment when a lot of little girls served us hot tea and the principal, with his own hands, presented us

with his own hands, presented
each with a package of Japanese
cakes done up in white paper. These
cakes were made of the sugary
Japanese bean meal that is "sweeter
than sweet" as Kipling would say,
and coated with pink or white
icing. Our children like them but
after an experience with them in
Japan I usually let someone else
eat mine so I gave them to the
servants - they enjoy them greatly.

I tell you it is remarkable how
Japan is coming on as a civilized
nation. Oh, if this great mass of
youth, so promising, so full of
possibilities, could be Christians,
Oh, if they could be! When you are
here among them you know what
it means for these children to grow
up unchristian. Japan can never
be truly great until she is Christian.
For Christianity alone will teach
her the value and beauty of truth
and purity - the greatest lessons
she has to learn and the principles
that will make her what she most
desires to be. I admire their grit
and ability and their great determi-
nation - but they are so newly come
to civilization and power they make
one think always of the self-conceited
Gully. I am sending you some of
the pictures that may interest you.
I took them out of one of the reports

one think always of the self conceited
bully. I am sending you some of
the pictures that may interest you.
I took them out of one of the reports
of our Christian Union College. This
is Friday night - it is now 10:30 -
my flock has long been asleep. I
always have them make candy or
do something extra Friday nights.
We made candy tonight. How I do
enjoy them and my school work,
though it is like the boy's idea
of housework, "it is powerful
constant." I don't sleep very well
always and still suffer with
my head. My, we are busy every
moment, it seems! The children
are so alive to their work and en-
joy their school as much as our
American children do holidays.

It is so funny and pathetic the
things they don't know about in
America. Tonight in our Bible
reading for our little evening ser-
vice, one very earnest, fine boy
asked me if most of the people
in America were hypocrites! I
told no, they were not, that there
were thousands and thousands of
the finest, truest Christians in the
world, in America. Immediately
he said, "well, then why don't more
of them come out here!" That was
a hard one to answer with that
boy's fine, intense eyes and every
atom of his body, asking "why?"

Tomorrow is Saturday! In the morning until about noon, they take baths and every child writes his letter home. Then in the afternoon the boys play ball and the girls, too, sometimes or else they play with dolls or have out of doors games for they must all be out of doors.

Three of my fine girls have their dolls with them! Isn't that sweet and girl like and refreshing, in this day! I'll have to stop writing somewhere so I'll just stop here!

If you could send this letter to Jamie and ask him to pass it on to some others, I would be glad. It is tiresome all around to repeat experiences and then there are new ones before the next letter is to be written. How I do prize your dear letters, oh, you do not know what they mean to me! I always read my letters from home, by myself as I'm not to be trusted to read them where others are.

I pray constantly for my children. What wonderful, wonderful opportunities have been showered upon your lives, here in Christian America! I wonder if we know the meaning of gratitude. I love you every moment of every hour. God

Bless and keep you safe and full of service. I love you

That wonderful, wonderful, of
Lunch's love. I am showered
upon your lives, here in Christian
America! I wonder if we know
the meaning of gratitude. I love you
every moment of every hour. God
bless and keep you safe and
full of service.
Truly yours.



Blanche, the Bible
woman, (Korean) and
Mrs. L — just as
we are starting out
to visit a Korean
village, and talk
with the women.
I wish you could have
seen the Bible woman,
with her head on the
floor, praying before
we left. She says it
is no use to go with-
out prayer! She is the
woman who gave me
the object of devil's
worship an old woman
gave her.



This is sweet Jerry
Winn standing by
these lepers. That
is like him - he al-
ways gets close to
the misery of this
sad land. The
worst cases, those
past going about, are
in the tiled rooms
back of the others.

There are some awful
sights in this group.

There are many "Believers"
missionaries come
here every week.



Rae Mills and
Mrs. L. — taken
in Blanche's front
yard, at Fusan. The
Korean house is
just outside their
fence. There is
someone looking
over the clothes
line full of sheets.

Blanche snapped
us the day after I
reached Fusan.

I seem to have a
rather stiff neck —
Rae has had to return
to America, she is ill.

College building in Union Christian College



THE MAIN BUILDING, UNION CHRISTIAN COLLEGE.

Union Christian College, 1200 ...

I wish to thank you for the
very kind gift of the book
which I have just received
and which I shall be glad to
read. I am sure it will be
very interesting and useful
to me.

Yours very truly,
[Signature]



FACULTY AND COLLEGE GRADUATE, JUNE 1913.

*Mr. W. J. ...
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St. Paul, Minn.

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FIRST GRADUATES (1908).

COLLEGE STUDENTS OF 1910.

ALUMNI OF THE COLLEGE (1910).

Please return to

Mrs. Margaret W. Farnett
1348 Euclid St.

by next Sunday
Apr. 6.

Mrs. S. S. Lockett,
Pyeong Yang,
Korea.



Dr. Geo. S. Lockett,
Cherrydale,
Virginia.
U.S.A.

Oct 17, 1913³

Return to
J. D. Lockett,
Vienna, Va.

~~Emma Esely~~

~~Lucy Keller~~

~~Lillie Zimmerman~~

~~Julia Zernald~~

~~Mrs. Spillman~~

~~Christa Davies~~

~~Miss Van Ness~~

~~Miss Selby~~

~~Miss Boyden~~

~~Mrs. Jones~~

~~Mrs. Fawcett~~

~~Mrs. Brooke~~

~~Miss [unclear]~~